Regiment; I have ſeene it approved, how many times
I know not, but to make the number more, I have
Great hope in this. I will betweene the paſſages of
This project, come in with my applyance: Let us
Put it in execution; and haſten the ſucceſſe, which doubt not
Will bring forth comfort. *Floriſh. Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Theſeus, Perithous, Hipolita, attendants.*

Theſ. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples
Burne bright with sacred fires, and the Altars
In hallowed clouds commend their ſwelling Incenſe
To thoſe above us: Let no due be wanting,
Floriſh of Cornets.
They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.
Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir they enter.

Theſ. You valiant and ſtrong harted Enemies
You royall German foes, that this day come
To blow that nearneſſe out that flames betweene ye;
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all feard gods) bow downe your ſtubborne bodies,
Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iuſtice,
I le leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wiſhes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthieſt.
Exit Theſeus, and his traine.

Pal. The glaſſe is running now that cannot finiſh
Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,
That were there ought in me which ſtrove to ſhow
Mine enemy in this buſineſſe, wer't one eye
Againſt another: Arme oppreſt by Arme:

I would deſtroy th'offender, C
Though parcell of my ſelfe: T
How I ſhould tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To puſh your name, your aunc
Out of my memory; and i'th ſe
To ſeate ſomething I would c
The ſayles, that muſt theſe veſ
The heavenly Lymiter pleaſes.

Pal. You ſpeake well;
Before I turne, Let me embrac
This I ſhall never doe agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be ſo: Far
Exe

Arc. Farewell Sir;
Knights, Kinſemen, Lovers, yea
True worſhippers of Mars, wh
Expells the ſeedes of feare, an
Which ſtill is farther off it, G
Before the god of our profeſſi
Require of him the hearts of
The breath of Tigers, yea the
Yea the ſpeed alſo, to goe on,
Elſe wiſh we to be Snayles;
Muſt be drag'd out of blood,
Muſt put my Garland on, wh
The Queene of Flowers: our
Muſt be to him that makes th
Brymd with the blood of me
And bend your ſpirits towar
Thou mighty one, that with
Greene Neptune into purple.
Comets prewarne, whoſe hav
Vnearthed skulls proclaime,
The teeming Ceres foyzon, w
With hand armenyporent f
The maſond Turrets, that bo

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